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in the purchase of a well-made cooking range. It will last longest—use least fuel—give best results.
No one ever saw a better made range than our **CLARION**.
BISHOP CO., Bangor, Me.

THE BEST FOR THE MONEY

every man is naturally seeking. He should be doubly careful to come to the purchase of vehicles and harness. A horse and carriage are his property. He should be doubly careful to come to the purchase of vehicles and harness. A horse and carriage are his property. He should be doubly careful to come to the purchase of vehicles and harness. A horse and carriage are his property.

BUCKEYE FORGE PUMPS
Please all who use them.
MAST, POOS & CO., 12 River Street, Springfield, Ohio.

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Maine Farmer
R. C. LEBLANC, Proprietor.
"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."
AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1899.
TERMS: \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.
No. 31.

Maine Farmer.
Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

Are your cows now giving you a liberal flow of milk? If not, then something is wrong. Look over the problem and find whether the fault is with your feed or with the cows. In either case there is a remedy.

It is reported that a combination of manufacturers of plows and other agricultural implements is being effected. The United States Mortgage and Trust Company of New York is said to be negotiating the deal. The capital stock of the company is \$1,000,000, of which twenty-five millions will be seven per cent. preferred stock. Will those farmers who buy and use the implements get seven per cent. on their investment?

The seed for the principal crops is now in the ground. The season has been favorable for work that though farmers were late at the beginning, yet the seed has been prepared in unusually good shape and the seed is all in good time. Though some farmers are not sowing so much hired help this season as in former years, yet on the whole about the same breadth of land has been sown in crops as usual.

Fruit is not only healthful but palatable. Hence it is doubly desirable for general use in every family. The facilities for canning are now such that the fruit in its natural season and in the preserved form, every family, at least in the country, may have a plentiful supply for the entire round of the year. This is one of the many blessings that goes with the possession of land. Of the common fruit there is always plenty. Of rare varieties in plentiful measure should be allowed to go to waste. Properly canned it is safely carried over to a time of need.

It was a fitting recognition of well earned honors, on the part of the Wisconsin legislature, in appropriating a sum of money for a gold medal, suitably inscribed, to be presented to Dr. S. M. Mook in the name of the people of the State in recognition of his distinguished services to the industry of dairying. No man has labored more unselfishly nor more successfully in the field of agricultural science than has Dr. Babcock. Intelligent dairymen throughout the broad land will join in the sentiment that inspired the action of the Wisconsin legislature.

Over all that part of the State covered by snow during the winter, which includes all excepting a narrow belt along the coast, grass went through the winter in perfect condition and now shows a perfect stand. The dry, cool weather prevailing up to last week, held the growth back, but was beneficial rather than damaging to the fruit crop. With plenty of rain through the coming June, Maine farmers will have another bountiful crop of clover and timothy to harvest. Evidently farmers generally are catching on to the probability of low market values for the product for some time to come, hence the many barn extensions and new structures going up all over the State. All this means more stock to be kept and greater prosperity to follow. Farmers are on the right track.

And then the thought came to me: "How things right, to see them beautiful, which means the same, is it not an education to our boys and girls?" But on all farms there is a use for the manure the farm furnishes on other fields than the orchard, while in country towns barn manures are not negotiable material, hence cannot be purchased. Commercial manures are too costly for a sole dependence for orchard purposes. Profitable orchard culture requires low cost manures. No known source of supply can equal in point of economy the plan of making the land furnish its own needed fertilizing material, wherever the soil in which the trees stand is rough and rocky lands of necessity cannot be treated in this way. Their supply of fertilizing material must come from outside sources, and in this connection are not under consideration.

GOOD BUTTER ALL THE TIME.
"Perhaps you don't think that I've got extras" said a receiver as he hustled after the trier and ordered his porter to open a tub of a certain mark. "Now can you tell me anything that's the matter with that butter?" he asked as he handed me a trier of the butter. "Heavily would have to pass that as extras" he continued. "Let me tell you a little of the history of that creamery. I have handled it continuously for ten years, and scarcely ever during that time has it been other than fancy. A great many times I have had it inspected by Healy, Wickware and Southwick and it has always passed as extras. It is an Iowa creamery and at the present time is making about 90 tubs a week. Do you know what the secret is? Well, I'll tell you. They have had the same buttermaker for ten years; he thoroughly understands his business and the creamery appreciates his work. It is a pleasure for me to look at that butter when it comes in. I expect it to be fancy, and am never disappointed."

The above conversation of a New York commission dealer in butter carries an important lesson and one that should never be overlooked. In this State, the pastime of writers and lecturers has been to belabor the farmers for the defects of butter forwarded to market. While it may be true that there are still makers of milk who ought to better their methods, yet they are not alone responsible for low grade butter. It is quite time for it to be known that a creamery can not be relied upon to turn out a uniform good article of butter without a competent man to make it. This is the first requisite—the very first thing to look out for in creamery management. The farmers do not determine the quality of the product however perfect their milk. There must be a competent man to handle it at the factory—a man of experience, an intelligent man, a man who has studied his business while he was at work and who will continue to study it as long as he continues in the work. No man can learn the butter makers' art as he would learn a declaration for the school platform. We have had too many who have tried it in that way, and all know the effect such a course has had on the reputation of our butter in the markets. The Iowa maker referred to in the conversation quoted turned out an extra every time the year round. If a maker can do it in Iowa an equally competent operator can do it in Maine. We have too many makers working by rule instead of a sound judgment schooled in practice.

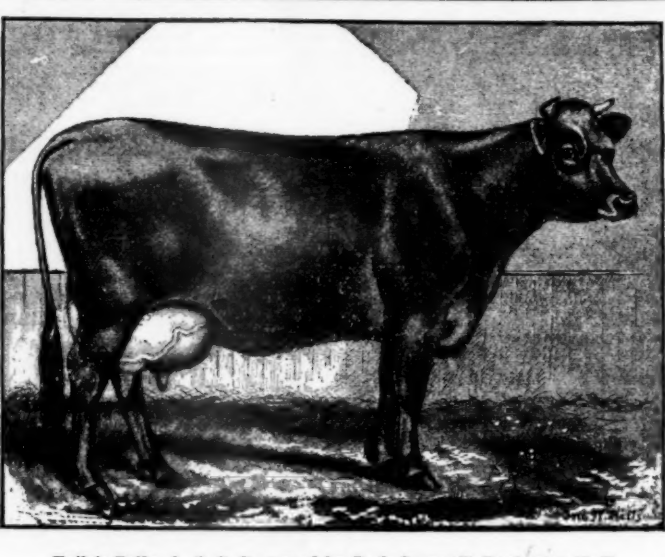
SHOW CATTLE.
There is one phase of exhibiting stock at the great fairs that while in one way educational, often lessons, as showing what may be done in a fancy way with select specimens of a breed of cattle, does not reach the full measure of success along educational lines. We refer to the fitting up of show herds which go to the rounds of fairs, as an advertisement of the owners' stock, and sometimes of the owners' purse. These animals are not generally bred by the owner and exhibitor, but are bought with dollars out of a long purse. They are well advertised and puffed; they have a conspicuous place in the barns and show-rings and judges are confronted by an apparent popular verdict in their favor before they are called into the ring to decide upon their merits.

The old-fashioned way was better. When a man brings stock of his own breeding to the fair he must have his preconceived notions of their merits behind him. He may hold the opinion at home that he has the best cattle that walk the earth, but at the fair, "there are others," and their merits are certain to be considered. Right here comes the educational part of the fair. The farmer or the breeder learns by comparing his stock with that of others just where his cattle are weak, and if wise he sets about correcting their faults.

PLANTING CORN.
Corn is an important crop over a large part of our State. The area devoted to it has largely increased of late. Our fathers raised good crops of corn, but under the method then in vogue of manuring in the hill and dropping and planting by hand, it was impracticable to plant large areas—it could not be done in time. The introduction of the planter, with the implements that properly go with it, has changed all this. The corn planter has expanded the corn fields to any breadth desired.

In the great corn States of the Mississippi valley the general practice is to plant in rows running both ways. The planters most in use here in the East have been constructed to plant in drills. There are advocates of each method. It is important to every farmer planting the crop to learn which is the better way.

We gave in the last issue of the Farmer communications from a number of our extensive growers of the crop, their preferences in the matter and their reasons for the same. Coming right in the corn planting season, the communications must be found important and valuable, and cannot fail to be read with interest. All farmers want to know the best way to plant and the best planter to do it with; how to grow the largest crops of finest quality, and this can come only by comparing experience in actual practice. The last issue of the Maine Farmer will be found valuable to corn growers.



Exile's Belle, A. J. C. C., owned by F. J. Cogswell, Rochester, N. Y.

to contend against, turnips or beets can be grown to better advantage. Now is the time to provide for a supply of such material. There is ample time to attend to such supplementary crops now that the other seed is all in the ground. Don't fail to grow a supply of roots.

FOR THE MAINE FARMER.
A FLEA FOR THE SMALL FARM.
Mr. Editor: We saw in the Farmer a short time ago where one man spoke very discouragingly of the small farmer. There is a very prevalent habit to-day among farmers of "biting off more than they can chew." They will buy a large farm, pay one-third down, or perhaps one-half, and mortgage the remainder; then they will deprive themselves of everything and try to cultivate 50 acres, and put work and dressing, &c., on it that they ought to put on 10 acres. It is, and always has been, to me a deep mystery why people want to mow over 50 acres to get what they ought to get from ten. The above-named farmer will work for a number of years and his farm will grow poorer and poorer, and his mortgage longer and still longer, till finally he will be compelled to give it up, whereas, had he purchased a smaller farm and paid for it, or the most of it, one that he could care for properly, he would soon have had a farm that would sell for double what it cost him, and not had to live on "pork fat and Johnny cake." Then he could have launched out and bought a larger farm. A prevailing epidemic among farmers to-day is that they want to begin at the top of the ladder instead of where their means will allow. They want to begin on an equal with some old, thriving farmer that has been busy working for years. The motto that "a debt is a great blessing" may be all right, but the less of these blessings we have the better we are suited. A better motto is, "never buy what you cannot see your way clear to pay for." If there were more small farms, neglected, with large mortgages, the per cent. of deserted farms would decrease rapidly. Farmers should raise their own grain and the most of their produce, and more than that, some to sell, instead of buying so much. Many farmers to-day spend what they earn in buying feed for the house and barn, when they should raise it. We have known what it was to eat Johnny cake and pork fat, and it tasted good, and with parents having good judgment, and lots of hard work and some economy, at length we could afford to eat doughnuts and pumpkin pie, and lay by a few dollars for a rainy day, so don't be hard on the small farmer.

FOR THE MAINE FARMER.
APPLE CROFT FARM.
It has been some time since I have written for the Farmer, and perhaps what I send at this time will find a resting place in the waste basket. Still I desire to say that it is with increased interest that I receive the paper each week. Every farmer should not only read, but study, the experiences, tests, recommendations and experiments of the correspondents of the Maine Farmer. Many aids to our income, and a broader conception of the duties, privileges and obligations of life, result.

It is well known that men are creatures of habit, that we get in the way of doing certain kinds of work at certain seasons of the year, in certain ways, and with certain tools. This habit, if continued, forms a part of our lives, and it is said that we follow certain rules. It is of these rules that I would speak at this time.

As we travel up and down the land and see the farmers getting their dressing upon the fields, the number that dump the manure in small heaps to spread later is very noticeable. Why go to the expense, as many do, of getting the dressing out in the winter in one big pile, then in the spring cart into small piles, then spreading. Is not this one of the rules which it would be well to get out of? I believe a big saving can be made by carting the dressing at convenient times and spreading direct from the cart or sledge upon the soil. I believe it can be done as quickly and in far better

shape, for from the position in the cart one can see just where to work and when the right amount is spread, drive on. In this way, the time of a man to spread the manure is saved, and all portions of the ground are fertilized alike, there being no rich spots as when spread from small piles.

The above is only one rule from which we should free ourselves. There are many others equally simple and equally as needless. It is, perhaps, the duty of the press to instruct in matters of greater moment than this, but seemingly a thought now and again upon such subjects would aid the farmer in keeping the eye of the mind open, showing that there is need of thought, even in the routine duties of the farm.

W. E. LELAND.
CURE FOR MAGGOTS.
Mr. Editor: Please tell us through the columns of the Farmer how to raise onions when they are troubled with maggots. They completely destroyed mine last year.

W. Paris.
Answered by Mr. R. H. Libbey, Newport. The onion maggot has caused a great amount of injury, frequently destroying the entire crop. The eggs are laid on the leaves near the ground. They are white, smooth, oval in shape and usually hatch in about a week. As soon as they are hatched they burrow downward within the sheath, leaving a streak of pale green color to indicate their path and making their way into the roots where they do their work devouring all except the outer skin.

Now for the remedy. First, I should move to another flat as far distant as I could and scatter unleached wood ashes liberally over the bed as soon as the onions are up. Sow in the morning when the dew is on and follow this up as often as once a week while the flies last, which is usually through the month of June, carefully removing all onions as soon as they show signs of wilting and destroy the maggot lest he move to another onion and check the soil.

A FEEDING TEST.
At the last Fat Stock Show in Chicago there were six pens of hogs from the Iowa Experiment Station, and to each pen was attached a card as follows:
Poland-Chinas—Average age, 213 days; average weight, 200 pounds; average gain per head, 1.14 pounds from June 1 to Oct. 1; average cost of feed per pound of gain, 1.8 cents.
Duroc-Jerseys—Average age, 209 days; average weight, 207 pounds; average gain per head, 1.09 pounds from June 1 to Nov. 1; average cost of feed per pound of gain, 1.9 cents.
Tamworth—Average age, 212 days; average weight, 198 pounds; average gain per head, 1 pound from June 1 to Nov. 1; average cost of feed per pound of gain, 2.1 cents.

Yorkshires—Average age, 231 days; average weight, 225 pounds; average gain per head, 1.16 pounds from June 1 to Nov. 1; average cost of feed per pound of gain, 1.9 cents.
Chester Whites—Average age, 202 days; average weight, 184 lbs; average gain per head, 1.26 pounds from June 1 to Nov. 1; average cost of feed per pound of gain, 2.1 cents.
Berkshire, average age, 196 days; average weight, 192 pounds; average gain per head, 1.03 pounds from June 1 to Nov. 1; average cost of feed per pound of gain, 2 cents.

This is the result of one experiment; possibly another one under the same conditions might show a slight difference, but it is valuable as far as it goes, and shows how little difference there is in at least five of the breeds named, when fed alike.

FOOD TESTS OF HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN COWS.
The greatest scientific interest of the day with regard to the comparative merits of the various breeds of dairy cattle is in the cost of production of the various products. The Holstein-Friesian Association of America, in connection with the various State experiment stations, is conducting tests for the purpose of determining the food cost of butter. As a matter of interest to your dairy readers I give below the results of recent tests:

DeKol Manor Beets; age 2 years, 1 month, 15 days; food consumed, pasturage, pea meal 11.83 lbs., ground oats 11.83 lbs., ground barley 11.83 lbs., ground buckwheat 11.83 lbs.; product, milk 307 lbs.; butter fat 0.005 lbs. Representative of Cornell University Station, H. C. McLellan.

Mutual Friend 2d; age 6 years, 6 months, 26 days; food consumed, ensilage 434 lbs., hay 36 lbs., wheat bran 45 lbs., cottonseed meal 3 1/2 lbs., ground oats 5 lbs., corn meal 15 lbs.; product, milk 427.4 lbs., butter fat, 14.724 lbs. Representative of Cornell University Station, A. R. Ward.

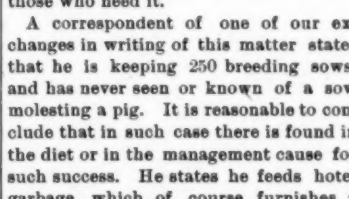
De Kol Lady, age 1 year, 11 months, 2 days; food consumed, pasturage, pea meal 11.83 lbs., ground oats 11.83 lbs., ground barley 11.83 lbs., ground buckwheat 11.83 lbs.; product, milk 312.4 lbs., butter fat 0.934 lbs. Representative of Cornell University Station, H. C. McLellan.

Aggie Paul; age 2 years, 3 months, 2 days; food consumed, ensilage 303 lbs., hay 7 lbs., wheat bran 28 lbs., oil meal 16 lbs., corn meal 30 lbs., ground oats 14 lbs.; product, milk 280.3 lbs., butter fat 11.303 lbs. Representative of Michigan Station, Porter H. Davis.

Clothilde Artie Topey; age 4 years, 1 month, 10 days; food consumed, pasturage, malt sprouts 21 lbs., gluten meal 7 lbs.; product, milk 412.8 lbs., butter fat 13.724 lbs. Representative of Cornell University Station, Leroy Anderson.

Paula Dorinda; age 2 years, 10 months; food consumed, ensilage 303 lbs., hay 13 lbs., wheat bran 80 lbs., oil meal 31 1/2 lbs.; product, milk 343.2 lbs., butter fat 11.101 lbs. Representative of Michigan Station, Porter H. Davis. S. Hoxie, Sup't Advanced Registry, Holstein-Friesian Association of America. Yorkville, N. Y., March 27, 1899.

A MAINE BUTTER MAKER.
Among the many progressive dairy workers of the State must be ranked the subject of our illustration, Mr. Frank W. Culbertson, who has been, and is, in charge of the large factory at Monmouth. Frank Watters Culbertson was born in the Maumee Valley near Grand Rapids,



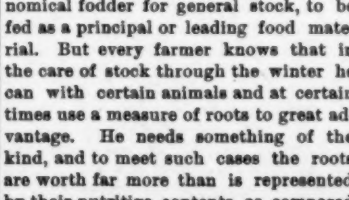
FRANK WATTERS CULBERTSON, AT MONMOUTH.

Ohio, in 1860, and lived on a dairy farm until he went West in 1890. He made butter and cheese in the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and scored highest on gathered cream butter at the Minnesota State Fair in 1895, this butter selling for extra creamery separator prices all the season. Mr. Culbertson touched the higher springs of aspiration and seized the opportunity to join the class at the University of the Wisconsin dairy school in 1896, graduating with a high class record. From here he accepted a position as butter maker and manager for the Florence Creamery Co., Florence, Minn., scoring 98 and 98 1/2 points on butter at Minnesota and Iowa State Fairs. This creamery had only 155 cows all told in June, the flush of the season, but with 3,500 lbs. of milk per day was a success financially. As there were 12 sections of speculator land next to the creamery and no outlook for a winter make after the second season, he came East, refusing a position as dairy instructor in one of our schools.

Pasteurization of milk and cream for sale, buttermaking and a neat creamery are his specialties, and in front of his present quarters a flower bed bearing the word "creamery" is fast appearing as the plants mature. With a well stocked library and by hard work and study Mr. Culbertson is making a reputation which any and every young man may well be proud of.

Following the good examples set by Pennsylvania and New York in legislation for the proper control of process butter, Minnesota and Massachusetts are now falling into line. The new laws in all these four States are much the same in character and aim to make it impossible for speculators and dealers to foist on the public, as fresh creamery butter, the worked-over, renovated mass bought for a few cents a pound, doctored, and then sold in such a way as to make unfair competition for dairymen. Let other States join the procession.

And now they are poisoning the outlaw with a mixture of wheat bran, molasses and Paris green. It won't do to have the hens in the field when this is used. It will kill the outworn.



Exile's Nina, A. J. C. C., owned by F. J. Cogswell, Rochester, N. Y.

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GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President,
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1899.

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ium, built solely for the grand musical
festivals in Bangor, will be turned into a
tool shop. If so, it marks the decadence
of interest in choice music, the refining
influence of which is not realized.Maine has to-day an unusually large
number of visitors brought hither by
the remarkably large catches of lake and
brook trout. The results are now be-
ginning to be sure following the stocking
and re-stocking of our lakes and
rivers and protecting same.It is a pleasure to be able to add the
names of more than one hundred new
subscribers weekly as the Farmer is now
doing, when together with the subscrip-
tions come the very earnest words of
commendation for the policy of the
paper, its freedom from objectionable
advertisements and sensational or un-
reliable news.While there was a very general observ-
ance of Memorial Day in town and coun-
try, and all nature conspired to complete
the beauty of the occasion, it is to be
regretted that games, races and outside
attractions were allowed to draw public
attention from the significance of the
day. Citizenship means more than pas-
time or entertainment.The Farmer was the first and so far
the only publication to give a complete
resume of the fruit prospects from all
parts of Maine. It was a dismal show-
ing but emphasized the lesson so oft re-
peated that "eternal vigilance is the price
of liberty." Those who reported fullest
bloom were, as a rule, those who gave
closest attention to their trees last year.The agent for the society with a long
name is moving in Portland to secure re-
lief for horses which are checked high,
and showing a horse badly checked up.
Side by side with it is a cut of a man
wheeling a harrow, and his head is
checked back in the same way. This is
a good object lesson.A little care is necessary in the use of
powerful agents to kill the caterpillars
unless one expects to gaze upon dead
trees. Kerosene and soap or potash
solution are all good in their places but
must be used with caution or the trees
will suffer. There is strong temptation
to resort to heroic measures but the
future of the trees must be considered
as well as the destruction of the pests.Rosa Bonheur, the world's celebrated
animal artist, who died at her forest
home in France, Thursday, at the age of
77, declared that the reason for her suc-
cess was that "I have never grown tired
of study." Here is the one source of
satisfaction for any person. The mind
filled with large thoughts and the will
set to the accomplishment of some great
purpose has no time to grow tired. Those
with "nothing to do" grow weary.The Governor of Massachusetts has
signed the bill appropriating \$500,000 for
additional roads and boulevards, and
now some friend of macadamized roads,
more zealous than wise, will rise to de-
mand that Maine do likewise, overlook-
ing the fact that the conditions here are
different and the ability to appropriate
not so great. Better roads are a necessity
but the State of Maine is not yet in con-
dition to give one-half million yearly for
building and repairing.Notwithstanding the recent cold snap,
the season in northern Maine is about
two weeks ahead of last year, and in
some sections of Aroostook county there
are already acres of wheat two or three
inches high. Most of this wheat is be-
ing raised for the mills in that county,
which were established two or three
years ago and which have proved to be
excellent paying pieces of property. The
increased acreage in wheat is one of
the good signs of returning prosperity.Nineteen carloads of strawberries left
Crawford county, Arkansas, one day
last week for the St. Louis market. They
contained 11,400 crates and 273,000
baskets. We gather some faint idea of
the magnitude of the industry from these
facts. In Delaware, at least 2000
people have arrived at Bridgeville, in
that State, during the past week, to pick
strawberries, and at the height of
the season from twenty to thirty carswill be loaded at the station in that town
every day. A cent and a half per quart
is paid for gathering the fruit, and many
of the pickers make from two dollars to
three dollars a day, very fast pickers
even more.An effort is being made to adjust the
differences, between the New England
Agricultural Society and Maine Mile
Track Association. During 1895-97-98
some ten thousand dollars of the N. E.
society's receipts were invested in build-
ings and to their appliances, with the
understanding that when the society
discontinued holding its fairs at Port-
land these assets should be appraised
and one-half paid the society by Rigby
Association. This money, as soon as re-
ceived by Secretary Rowell, will be dis-
tributed among the premium winners of
last year. The unpaid premiums amount
to about \$8,000, so the percentage cannot
be very large.It is amazing to note the grave fears
expressed by some exchanges for the
poor farmers who are not dairymen, be-
cause of the attempted legislation to pro-
tect against bogus butter. This is made
from beef fat, cotton seed oil and various
compounds, therefore it is to be com-
mended, say these writers, because it
stimulates the beef industry. What the
dairymen want is that it be offered and
sold for what it is, and not for what it is
not. It is not butter, and therefore
should be refused the name. Label and
sell it as oleo, hogus butter or by any
other name, and leave the field of gen-
uine butter to the genuine butter makers,
and the contest will be changed.The Farmer enters a strong protest
against these hastily drawn conclusions
regarding our rural schools. In the
Boston Globe of Sunday the letter from
the Augusta correspondent is headed,
"Country Schools Deficient in about
Everything" and the heading is justified
by the statement and this is made from
extracts of the pamphlet just issued by
the department. We do not believe a
State department is justified in casting
any such serious reflections upon the
boys and girls, teachers or managers of
the schools of Maine, and we very much
regret the ill advised action. You can
not fix morality or intelligence by mathe-
matical percentages. Figures are not
always to be relied upon.Does any one think the State of Maine
is going directly to ruin as the pesti-
lence fear, when according to the semi-
annual statement of State Bank Exam-
iner Timberlake, a gain of nearly \$1,
800,000 is shown in the savings banks de-
posit. Of this amount about \$1,000,000
comes from dividends credited to de-
positors' accounts. The gain thus shown
in six months, from Oct. to April is
nearly \$500,000 in excess of the total
gain in the entire preceding year. There
is also shown a gain in the period cov-
ered by the statement of nearly a million
dollars in the deposits of the trust and
banking companies. The loan and build-
ing associations show a loss in resources
of about \$21,000, but this is due to the
retirement of shares. Who can say this
is a bad showing for the good old State
of Maine?IS THE FUTURE TO BRING PEACE OR
WAR?The passing of another Memorial Day
has given an opportunity for many an
orator to draw his lessons from the
struggles of the Civil War and apply to
the life and thought of the present. He
who has attempted this has found that
we have reached a situation where the
extremes face us as never before. The
whole civilized world was surprised when
the Czar of the Russias, a few
months ago, sent forth his plea for the
disarming of the armies and destruction
of the battle ships, and the ushering in
of an era of universal peace. That this
should have emanated from the ruler of
that great people, trained as they are to
war, caused suspicion, but the desire for
peace prevails everywhere, and to-day, a
commission from nearly all the civilized
nations is in session, seeking to grapple
with the great problem presented.One fact is before us, and that is that
one of two extremes is sure to be real-
ized. Which shall it be? If wars are to
continue, then armies and navies must
increase, the inventive genius of man be
directed towards the production of
larger ships, more effective and destruc-
tive means and agencies and more com-
plete equipments. Nation must vie with
nation in the effort to lead. There can
be no cessation in this direction on the
part of any one, else advantage will
accrue to some other.Year by year there must be this steady,
constant, increasing effort towards per-
fection in all the engineering of war, with
all the expenditure which this involves,
with all the increase of burdens to be
borne by the common people who fur-
nish the men for the armies and navies,
and the money to carry on and pay for
the expenses.Here is one extreme, and it is inevi-
table, if wars are to continue. The
United States cannot rest in present at-
tainments, but must seek for more rapid-
firing guns, more destructive battle ships,
and the latest and most effective agencies,
from the equipment of the private to the
monster gun on the war ship. During
the past year, hundreds of men were lost
in Cuba and the Philippines, simply be-
cause the Spanish army was equipped
with smokeless powder while ours was
not, and this is but a single illustration
of the fact just noted.Against this is the dream of the en-
thusiast, or, as a leading public man de-
clares, "of the visionary." It starts
towards a condition as far from the one
just noted as can be conceived. It leads
towards universal peace, where all differ-
ences between nations shall be settled by
arbitration, where all energies shall be
expended towards the perfection of the
peaceful arts and sciences. Real or un-
real, this standard has been reached by
civilized people, so far as individuals are
concerned, and if individuals can settle
differences by jury and abide the verdict,
why cannot nations be brought to the
same standard? Aside from the im-
mense pecuniary saving sure to follow,
there are the wealth of lives saved and
time and energy possible for other andbetter lines of service. Burdened as
every nation is with increasing debt, cer-
tain that more and more must be re-
quired, as time passes, to keep in readi-
ness for any emergency, the financial sit-
uation presents alarming conclusions to
the conservative thinker.Surely there is reason to hope that in
the years before us some decisive steps
may be taken looking to a reduction in
expenditures and an increased saving of
life and labor. If this suggests peace,
then let us pray that the outcome of this
Congress may open the way wherein all
the great nations may together walk, and
all differences be settled without recourse
to war. Rather, let the day be not far
distant when, by mutual consent, war,
with its dread destruction of treasure,
both of life and property, may be under
the ban forever, and a higher, nobler era
 ushered in. This Peace Conference is to
open the way for definite action in this
direction, and it will come when the
people of Russia, Germany, England,
France and the United States strike
hands for arbitration and against war.

TOO MUCH EDUCATION.

When shrewd business men of wide
experience in addressing their co-laborers
in special fields, break away to em-
phasize lessons touching our educational
interests it will be well if their conclu-
sions receive thoughtful attention.During a recent given to the directors
of the Southern Pacific and Central
Pacific Railroads, Mr. Collis P. Hunting-
ton made a remarkable speech, in which
he declared that much distress in the
United States is due to the over educa-
tion of the masses. He said: "I regret
one tendency in our country, admirable
as her institutions are. It is almost
heresy to say it, but I do not fear taking
the responsibility. I refer to the in-
crease of higher education for the
masses. The Anglo-Saxon has easily
outstripped all his competitors in those
things which make for commercial
growth and the success of nations, be-
cause he has been, above all other things,
practical. While preparation for profes-
sional life requires advanced knowledge,
it seems to me that the vast majority of
our young people spend too many of
their vigorous years of youth inside the
schoolroom and not enough in the prac-
tical work of life. The years from fif-
teen to twenty-one are immensely valua-
ble, for they are the years of keen ob-
servation, individuality and confidence.
In many cases—quite too many—years
are spent in cramming the mind with
knowledge that is not likely to help a
young man in the work he is best fitted
to do. How many young men with col-
lege educations are standing about wait-
ing for something that will never come,
because the work that lies nearest at
hand is not to their liking. It seems to
me that slowly but surely there is grow-
ing up a stronger and stronger wall of
caste, with good, honest labor on the
one side and frivolous castility on the
other. We seem to be fast outgrowing
those things which, when our fathers
lived, we called sterling qualities, but
are now called follies, or work that a
gentleman should not do; as though all
honest work was not honorable work."One of the largest and most success-
ful firms in Boston refuses to employ a
graduate from the High School or Busi-
ness College, taking its one hundred or
more young men direct from the Gram-
mar schools and giving the years, other-
wise devoted to High school studies, to
a study of the business which is to occupy
their lives. Thus, at eighteen to twenty
these young men are ready for responsi-
bilities while their associates, with their
diplomas in hand, are seeking positions,
novices in all matters pertaining to busi-
ness and with habits more or less fixed
during the years. Do our changed con-
ditions in all business require a modifica-
tion of courses of study and time to be
given to preparation? Must our concep-
tion of these things be changed because
of the rush and hustle of to-day and
the boy taken from the Grammar school
to be trained for active work? Who will
decide.

CONDITION OF OUR RURAL SCHOOLS.

State Superintendent Stetson of the
school department, is evidently a scholar
of the old-school type, for when he dis-
covers what he considers an evil, he at
once applies a blister instead of a lotion.
In his study of the condition of the rural
schools, Mr. Stetson has gone exhaust-
ively into the subject of buildings,
grounds, scholars, teachers and superin-
tendents, asking a host of questions
which, when properly classified, give an
array of facts, startling in some of the
natural conclusions and modified only
when one makes intelligent comparison
with old-time conditions, the present
standard of home life in town and coun-
try, and the intelligence of the people.Fortunately for the reformer, we ad-
vance slowly, else the foundations upon
which progress rest would not be firmly
planted. The only danger with an earn-
est enthusiast is that he will attempt too
rapid motion, and not hold his position
at the end.Instead of taking the answers to these
many queries and comparing results ob-
tained with what is known of former
methods, conditions, buildings, sur-
roundings and management, there is
danger of making the comparison with
what one would like to see. In the one
case, progress is at once noted while
in the other one feels at once criticized.Some conditions in our rural schools
can, others cannot, be changed. Of the
former, there has been a steady improve-
ment all the years, not so rapid as de-
sired, but perhaps as ought to have been
the case, but a sure advance, retarded
sometimes by attempted introduction of
studies, methods and forms of adminis-
tration; accepted elsewhere, where con-
ditions have been different, but not fitted
to the situation in the rural school.One of the conditions to be deplored
in the rural school is the closing of
schools, necessitating the closing of
schools, and massing of scholars from
long distances in order to maintain num-
bers. For this there is no remedy, yet
it places a barrier in the way of intro-
duction of studies and methods easily
applied in more central localities.

Another evil, regretted by the State

superintendent in his annual report, is
the multiplication of studies everywhere
and the consequent neglect of what must
be the fundamentals. Here, as
much as anywhere, may be seen the bad
influence of warped judgment on the
part of parents, which, more than all
else, is responsible for this condition.The logic of the conclusions to be
drawn from the returns made to the
queries presented, is that of centraliza-
tion of power and control over details,
yet it will be a sorry day for Maine when
the direction and management of her
rural schools pass out of the hands of
the local educational workers. This
may come in the future, but if it does it
must be at the request of local interests,
and not by enforced legislation.It is impossible to graft city methods
upon rural sections, and it would be an
injury if this should be attempted. He
who makes a careful study of this pam-
phlet will have opened to him most
clearly the existing evils, and be forced
to admit the necessity for more active
work along the line of better buildings,
larger grounds, more healthful surround-
ings, more competent teachers and a
sharper, clearer and wiser oversight over
the educational interests of the locality
in which he lives. At the same time, he
will see the danger of comparing what
is with what our ideals would have, and
then drawing conclusions as to progress
made.

STOP RESOLVING.

One of the first steps leading to any-
thing like permanent reform is to stop
the face of passing resolutions. These,
which formerly were the expression of
the purpose of the body adopting, have
become meaningless sentences, simply
because denance has been placed upon
them, and individual responsibility
shifted thereby. Less of resolutions and
more of individual earnestness is the call
of the hour. For years, every religious,
educational and temperance organiza-
tion has been passing resolutions declar-
ing faith in and adherence to the prin-
ciple of prohibition, but for want of life
and energy behind the cold type, indif-
ference and neglect have become domi-
nant and the traffic in liquor greatly in-
creased. There is no power which can
steer the course of a live, earnest, active
public sentiment, and without this, res-
olutions are empty words. There are evi-
dences of an awakening upon this most
important subject, but there is still dan-
ger that interest will expend itself upon
resolutions and fall of reaching and
checking the evil.

For the Maine Farmer.

THREE RECENT BOOKS.

The renaissance of popular interest in
the Pilgrim migration and in the Puritan
movement out of which it grew, and
which was destined to bring in such
beneficent results in America and in the
land of its origin also, is of comparatively
recent date. Perhaps the last half cen-
tury would cover the most of the more
important writings on the subject—save,
indeed, the lately-recovered "Log of the
Mayflower"—and the last decade has
given us many monographs invaluable
for the breadth of their outlook, the
closeness of their reasoning, and the wis-
dom of their treatment of this most
significant period of modern history.What shall he say who cometh after
the King? We have been ready to ask
as we have turned from each of these; and
yet each new claimant of our attention
has repaid it royally. "The Pilgrims in
their Three Homes, England, Holland
and America," by Dr. William Elliot
Griffiths, attracts both the careful student
and the literary reader—the latter, by
its easy narrative and interest in detail,
the former, by the abundance of the ma-
terial which it uses so unostentatiously,
and by the authentic account it gives of
those origins which have received little
attention hitherto.The opening chapters of the book con-
tain graphic accounts of the old English
villages where the Pilgrim idea had its
inception, and to the customs of the time.
One chapter describes Austerfield and
the Pilgrim district, another tells of
Scrooby and its history, another of Not-
tingham and the Robin Hood country.
Chapters five and six are given to Wil-
liam Brewster and William Bradford,
and then follows an entertaining account
of the Pilgrim's residence in Amsterdam
and Holland. A careful survey of the Pil-
grims and of their prospects at the time
of their third and permanent home, where,
whether they comprehended it distinctly
or not, they were to found a nation. As
a fitting, fully laid book is concerned
with the migration, with life and cus-
toms in Plymouth during the first hard
years, and with the framing of laws and
the development of institutions within
the commonwealth. And, although this
period is more familiar to the reader than
the earlier one, yet the author's account
is so minute and graphic, so comprehen-
sive of entertaining detail, and so com-
pact and interesting also as a historical
resume, that it is at once recognized as a
distinct addition to the long and growing
list of books which preserve for us and
make real to us the precious annals of
early New England.It would seem to be quite unnecessary
to the intrinsic fascinations of
"Penelope's Progress." Kate Douglas
Wiggin's last delightful book, there
should have been super-added the charm
of Scottish travel—the associations of
storied Edinburgh, and the surpassing
contentments and diversions of Pettybar
residence; yet all these things, and
others which need not be named here,
combine to make it the charming and
irresistible piece of fiction that it is.
The enumeration of these elements,
however, does not account in any wise
for its charm, for the book is a thing of
its own kind, as unexplainable as any
stroke of genius, and as happy.One might remark that it was written
during in a holiday mood; yet
straightaway one would remember that
the sources of its delight are far deeper
and more perennial than that would in-
dicate. Its gaiety and humor are con-
tiguous, yet a tender harmony underlies
them both. It is a bit of wholesome
and genuine human happiness droppeddown, like the song of a bobolink,
among the books of a generation which
yields itself at best too reluctantly to
joy. It should be read thrice, at least;
once, for the story; once, with a mind at
rest concerning Frances's happiness,
for the wealth of its gathered legend
and folk-lore; and yet again, that one
may perceive the harmony of the whole.Both these books are from the well
known house of Houghton, Mifflin &
Co., of Boston.The most desultory reader of contem-
porary English verse must have been im-
pressed by the unusual quality of the
poetry of Christina Rossetti. Her active
life covered nearly the whole of the
latter half of our century, a most
fruitful period of British song. When
her first volume of poems was pub-
lished in 1848, Wordsworth's voice was
not yet mute, Landor and Leigh Hunt
were yet alive, Hood's pitiful life was
but just done, Mrs. Browning was at
her tuneful prime, and the fame of Tenny-
son and of Robert Browning was arising,
in the English-speaking world.To have commanded attention at all in
such an age, and especially to have writ-
ten verse which by its elevation and
force and delicacy, and preeminently by
its individual quality, has placed her at
least only a little below the foremost
singers of her time, argues great gifts
and an essentially poetic endowment.
Her work itself made these manifest,
and now the volume entitled "Christina
Rossetti," a biographical and critical
study, by Mackenzie Bell, and from the
house of Little, Brown & Co., successors
to Roberts Brothers of Boston, gives us
a knowledge of its sources, and of the
pure, grave, devout, lovely and loving
life of the poet, such as her own reserve
would have made unattainable before.Although a daughter of a prominent
and exceptionally gifted family, and heir
to an ardent temperament as well as to
great artistic gifts, her own life seems,
apart from its literary concerns, quiet
uneventful, and rich rather in personal
experience and devout attainment than
in what we are ready to name happiness,
or in that close and varied contact with
other lives which is often so large an
element. Yet her outlook upon life was
tolerant and comprehensive as well as
thoughtful, her ideals were fine and
high, almost to austerity, and her devo-
tion, in some aspects, almost self-
effacing.She lived to see the days of Watson
and Kipling, and was born within the
same decade with Swinburne; yet one
might almost count upon the fingers of
one hand the singers of her age who in
the endowments of essential poetic
inspiration, in feeling and aspiration, in
tenderness and fervor, in the sense of
metrical form and in the instinctive and
unfailing grasp of melodious defects,
have surpassed or approached her.It seems a mistake to attempt a com-
parison between her and Mrs. Browning,
as is done in the course of the excellent
critical survey of her poems which con-
cludes the book. In devout aspiration
and consecration, and in mystical fervor
and sweetness, the songs of Christina
Rossetti sound from their own heights
and have a compulsion which is all their
own. It were idle to claim for her the
overflowing human tenderness, the deep
and tender fellow feeling, the passion
and vitality and the glowing vision of
Mrs. Browning; and idle, too, not to
see, that the very limitations of each
singer gave depth and sweetness to her
song.When this criticism has been made,
however, the one defect, and that a very
small one, in a very thoughtful and sym-
pathetic survey of a noble life has
been pointed out. The quantity of Miss
Rossetti's work is only less remarkable
than its quality, and whoever is seeking
to know the finest and most gracious
thought of the century, uttered by seer
or singer, will hardly leave this book un-
read.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

Maine's grand old man, Hon. James
W. Bradbury, now 97 years old, writes
entertainingly of events transpiring in
1825, in his letter to the chairman of the
Gardiner Carnival Committee. In this
letter he says:"So long ago as 1825-6, when I resided
in Hallowell and had charge of the
academy there, I became acquainted with
Judge Kingsbury of your town, and
visited him on different occasions. The
Sabbath and a night that I spent at his
hospitable mansion are still fresh in my
memory. I recall him as a kind and
courteous gentleman, of integrity and
honor, like the late Judge Danforth,
whom you all remember as a good citi-
zen, a good judge, a good Christian gen-
tleman, who served with honor two ap-
pointment terms upon the bench of our
highest judicial tribunal without a stain
upon its pure ermine.I also became acquainted with another
of your distinguished citizens, the Hon-
orable Robert H. Gardiner. He attended
the final examination of the academy
under my charge. When the examina-
tion was over and the pupils dismissed,
he tempted me to become a citizen of
Gardiner, by offering me \$250 from his
own purse, besides the tuition of the
pupils, to take charge of the Lyceum
then recently started in that town. This
was no inconsiderable amount at that
time (1826). Only 24 years before that
time, Daniel Webster was preceptor of
the academy at Fryeburg in this State,
on a salary of \$350 for the year.My friendly acquaintance with Mr.
Gardiner continued during his life. He
was a man for whom I always entertain-
ed great respect. I regarded him as a
benevolent, generous, public-spirited
citizen, one of those men who give char-
acter to the community around them,
and whose names will ever be held in
grateful remembrance.I was about to write of Frederic Allen,
an eminent lawyer, and others of your
distinguished citizens of my acquaint-
ance, but I find that I should stop here
and apologize for having already made
my answer to your kind invitation of
unreasonable length.With my best wishes for the success
of your celebration and the prosperity of
your city.Most respectfully yours,
JAMES W. BRADBURY."THE FUTURE OF THE GRAND ARMY
OF THE REPUBLIC.Sometimes the demand is made that
the doors of the G. A. R. be opened to
admit those not eligible when the first
call was made for veterans of the Civil
War to unite, and the Daily Globe very
properly, at this time, has presented
touching the question of the future of
the organization. We select the follow-
ing from Department Commander Gil-
man of Massachusetts as voicing the
general sentiment of those within and
surely that of its most loyal friends with-
out. He says,"The future of the Grand Army of the
Republic will be, and should be, only a
memory. When the last comrade has
answered his final roll call, let the books
be closed, never again to be opened for
the admission of any person to mem-
bership in our glorious order.It stands alone among the organiza-
tions of the world. It has no counter-
part, and never will have. It is com-
posed of men who gave up all the pleas-
ures of civil life and braved death in or-
der to prove to the world that a nation,
conceived in liberty, and dedicated to
the proposition that all men are created
equal, could long endure."The union army, consisting from first
to last of nearly three millions of men,
was such an army as was never before
raised, and probably never will be again.
The Grand Army of the Republic is
practically a continuation of that army.
Each of its members is indebted by the
government as having done honorable
service toward the saving of this repub-
lic.Had the rebellion been successful it is
safe to assume that the nation to-day
would have no standing among the
world powers. The success of the union
army has made it possible to float our
flag triumphantly in both hemispheres.
No war since the great rebellion can
compare with it, either in the sufferings,
sacrifices and losses of its participants,
or in the world-wide importance of the
questions involved.The comrades of the Grand Army of
the Republic look upon their membership
as the most honorable and distin-
guished badge of courage and patriot-
ism that man could have, and they feel
that active participation in such a pro-
longed and desperate struggle, produc-
ing, as it did, such marvelous results,
should continue to be the requirement
for admission into their ranks.When the time comes that no man can
furnish this requirement, then let the
Grand Army of the Republic become a
part of the history of the country that it
saved.Let that history be taught in the pub-
lic schools of the nation, where it may
inspire the children of future generations
to emulate the deeds of the union volun-
teers of 1861 and 1865, and inspire them
with the same spirit of patriotism that
animated the comrades of the Grand
Army of the Republic in the days when
patriotism meant the perpetuity of our
nation, and the lack of it the downfall of
the republic founded by the great Wash-
ington."

PENOBSCOT FRUIT PROSPECTS.

I think there are the fewest blossoms
on the apple trees I ever saw at this
time in the season. I have just gone over my
orchard for caterpillars and found but
one tree in 125 in full bloom; others
with a few scattering blossoms or a
branch full and many trees without a
blossom. This is not owing to ravages
of caterpillars last year for very few
trees were stripped. They were not
very numerous and most farmers looked
after them well and had a fair crop
of good apples. They are very nume-
rous on cherry bushes but apple trees are
not bad. Forest caterpillars may come
later.

WORDS THAT CHEER.

"I have taken the Maine Farmer about
four years, and think it improves each
year. Every page is filled with some-
thing of interest. I was very much in-
terested in the articles on the "Australian
Ballot Law." I have served at every
election as elector or ballot clerk since
the law was passed, and think it a
nuisance. There are many who don't
understand it, and never will. Wishing
the Maine Farmer the success it de-
serves, I am very respectfully yours,

T. A. BRYANT.

ROQUE BLUFF, ME.

Mr. Editor: Please find enclosed \$5 to
pay for the good old Maine Farmer.

J. E. STURDY.

City News.

—Augusta parties are sending large
number of horses to Boston lately and
realizing good prices for the same.—In the estimates for the coming year
the city government has provided for
about \$15,000, in abatement of taxes.
Does this mean that the collector is to
take what comes his way and the city
will abate the balance? It looks like a
bid for light collections.—The following officers were elected by
Seth Williams Relief Corps at their
meeting, Thursday afternoon: President,
Mrs. L. L. Wellman; vice president, Mrs.
Ellison Gilbert; chaplain, Mrs. William
McCormick; secretary, Mrs. E. S. Hobbs;
treasurer, Mrs. W. S. Lane; guard, Mrs.
D. P. Hanson; conductor, Mrs. H. M.
Pray.—The Masonic bodies tendered a re-
ception to Gen. W. S. Choate, master of
the Grand Lodge of Maine. Only Masons
and their ladies were invited, there be-
ing about 350 present. Short addresses
were made by F. W. Flaisted, Gen.
Choate and Rev. C. A. Hayden. It
proved to be one of the most successful
and pleasing receptions of the year.—A good audience greeted Rev. B. S.
Croby at City Hall, Sunday evening, to
listen to the Memorial sermon. The
ranks of Seth Williams Post show the
wear of years but the numbers are well
sustained. Nearly every pastor in the
city assisted in the services and the ser-
mon was pronounced by members of the
Post one of the best ever listened to.

—The Insane Hospital

THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS.

By JOHN MAOKIE.

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[CONTINUED.]

But we were not to be left long idle. We could see a surging and swaying mass of blacks, who with hoarse guttural and wild, strange cries, which for all the world resembled those of a pack of wild animals, came toward us and surrounded the mouth of the cave. An old fellow whose head and beard were as white as driven snow was evidently leader. An immense feather, piercing the cartilage of his nose, stuck out on either side of his face, giving him a peculiarly fierce and sinister expression. He had been, and was still, a remarkably powerful man. Carrying an armful of spears behind him, and uttering words of encouragement, was a huge gin whose arms were so long that she bore a striking resemblance to a gigantic ape. Most of the warriors were smeared with white and red clays in a grotesque and hideous fashion. We noticed that there were many aged amazons who, like the chief's wife, followed up their respective warriors, carrying bundles of spears and urging them on to the fight.

Suddenly there was a wild cry, and Jack sang out:

"Here they come! Now then, boys, let the beggars have it! Don't waste a shot!"

Just at that moment, however, as if at a given signal, the savages stopped alone, and a tall warrior advanced holding out two spears with the shafts crossed.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jack, his face lighting up with anticipation. "The beggar wants to settle the business by fighting a duel. What luck! I'm your man, old Hullahalo. Here goes!"

But before he could leave the terrace the squatter's daughter blocked his way. "You're not going!" she cried. "You suppose for a second they'll give you fair play? Stay where you are!"

My mate looked at the girl, surprised and some other emotion I could not fathom showing on his face. "Do you really care?" he asked.

"What a question to ask!" But if my sense did not receive such a hint of resentment in her voice, "Anyhow you're too late, for here they come again. The ball has begun. Duck your heads! They're going to throw spears!"

CHAPTER XV.

DEARER THAN LIFE.

The persistence of the blacks was appalling. When they got within 30 or 40 yards of us, they discharged a volley of spears and stones. We had knelt down on the terrace, and the ledge being higher than the floor they either rattled harmlessly against the roof of the cavern or else struck against the ledge that skirted the terrace.

For a minute after this there was a deadly stillness, during which I could actually hear the bubbling and splash of the water at the spring, the cricking of a cicada and the labored breathing of wounded Gordon in the cave.

"Fire!"

And we sent a well directed volley into them that carried death with it. I believe every bullet did good work that day. I saw the old chief spring into the air and fall back stone dead. In another minute he was borne away. Then there was a murderous rush up that inclined terrace. Some blacks fell dead as they had begun to ascend. In another minute it was a hand to hand fight—a bloody, fierce, devilish struggle. I saw Savile, when he had emptied his magazine, throw his carbine, throw it behind him, snatch a great ironwood club from the hands of a black fellow and dash in among them, clearing that platform in a way which only a giant like himself could have done. At every sweep of his brawny arm a nigger's head cracked like a glass bottle, and the owner collapsed all of a heap like a poleaxed bullock. Jack, Daly and I kept flitting into the mob that pressed them on from behind. To my surprise and just when I was looking back with fearful eyes to see if any of the blacks had passed by us into the cave I saw something that startled me. Kneeling on the ground and firing with a cool deliberation, Norah was defending the narrow crevasse or passage giving led to the spring, which in our excitement we had overlooked. It gave me a bad turn at the time to note that the warm olive of the girl's cheek bore a crimson stain. Still, she was as methodical and collected as if she had been simply practicing at a mark on a tree, as we had often seen her do.

One might have thought that Elsie Gordon would be rather in the way than otherwise in an experience of this kind, but it would have been a mistake. She had snatched up Savile's rifle and, taking from her pocket several brass

the trees and bowlders some couple of hundred yards away. If we could only have had our horses just then and followed up our victory, I have no doubt but that we could have effectually dispersed the blacks and saved ourselves. As we were situated, however, it would have been madness to have left the shelter of the cave. Gordon was in such a weak and helpless condition that we could not have traveled. Suddenly something occurred to me—I ran down the terrace to the spring and there found a couple of blacks making away from the narrow crevasse that opened from it into the cave and which Norah Mackenzie had defended. I promptly squared accounts with them.

One noteworthy feature of the fight was the behavior of Samson. On one occasion when Savile had been hard pressed by a huge black this four footed tactician, coming behind the latter, sank his teeth into his shins. The terror and agony of the savage at this unexpected attack were only equalled by the look of mortal terror on his face as Savile, recovering himself, swung his great club around his head and cracked his skull.

It was Jack who first discovered that the blacks had taken them from their provisions, which in the pack bags had been placed at the foot of the cliff. At this discovery we stared blankly at one another, for if we were forced to remain in that cave for any length of time we must starve. Jack wanted to make a raid upon them and endeavor to recover the provisions, but he was a mad scheme and impracticable. I promptly reminded him of those whom in the cave we must leave behind us in the case comparatively unprotected. I believe such was the reckless courage of Jack that he would have attacked the blacks himself single handed if we had let him. As for Daly, he was strangely taciturn, though he had showed considerable courage. I had seen him during the fight when a black fellow had seized the barrel of Jack's rifle and he was otherwise engaged deliberately fire in another direction when he might just as well have rid Jack of his antagonist. It was satisfactory, however, to think that Elsie Gordon had also been this for saw surprise, indignation and horror in her eyes.

Going back into the great cavern, which opened up into three other passages as it pierced the cliff, I found Norah Mackenzie leaning against the side of the cave as if in a faint. On seeing her I forgot that hint of resentment in her voice when Jack had asked if she really cared what he did. Forgetting what it meant, I only remembered what she was to me. To fetch some water from the spring, take the handkerchief from the breast of her jacket and to have her cheek with the water was my next effort. When I had removed the blood, I discovered to my relief that she had only received a slight cut on her cheek bone, which if it did leave a mark would be trifling. So concerned was I over her condition that it is not unlikely my manner betrayed a greater degree of solicitude than any one in my position was justified or had any right to express just then. What I said to her out of the steadily growing sense of my great love it were difficult to remember now, but I must have had right of the fact that as yet she had given me no right to speak to her as I did, for the color came back into her cheeks. Her great eyes looked at me respectfully, and that delicate purple shadow under them seemed to deepen as she spoke.

"Mr. Parker, do you think it right to talk to me as you are doing? I don't wish to appear ungrateful, but why forget yourself like this?"

"Because you have grown dearer than life itself to me!" I cried boldly, and the truth was out at last.

Falteringly she rose to her feet and looked steadily but, as I thought, not resentfully upon me.

"You don't know what you are saying," she said. "This is neither the time nor place to talk of such a thing. Besides, there is some one else here."

My mate entered the cave, and she stopped short. I could see their eyes meet and read in them the dawn of that new life which it had now become impossible to conceal. Her action and words only a few minutes before had been avowed enough. How could I have given me no right to speak to her as I did, for the color came back into her cheeks. Her great eyes looked at me respectfully, and that delicate purple shadow under them seemed to deepen as she spoke.

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I lowered my head and went on to the terrace—the light had gone out of my life. It seemed to matter little to me now whether or not I was killed by the blacks. I thought she stood looking after me, as if she would have softened the blow. But I had got my answer—the deathknell of my hopes had been sounded.

We held a council of war upon the terrace, but the outlook was a gloomy one. We knew that tomorrow or next day at the latest the squatter must come back, most likely down this very same valley in which we were now entrapped, and discover us. But again the chances were that the blacks, who must have been cognizant of his whereabouts, would lie in wait for him in large numbers and surprise him on his way back.

It was now getting dark, but we could still see the forms of the savages, carrying fire sticks in their hands, flitting about among the bowlders and behind the trees. All that night they kept up a most terrible wailing over such of their numbers as had come to grief in the fight.

All through that long dreary night we watched at the mouth of the cave on the terrace and peered into the darkness in order that we might not be surprised by the savages sneaking upon us, for a savage, when he does sneak upon a foe in the dark, is as noiseless and unobtrusive as a ghost. He will crawl on his stomach stealthily as a snake. At the slightest hint of danger he will, like certain members of the animal kingdom, suspend, as it were, animation in his body until, peering into the gloom, the foe will think that the dark body seen is only a tree stump or a dead branch or some physical peculiarity of the ground—anything but a black fellow. We determined that two of us should go on watch together. Daly and I took the first watch, so Savile and Jack retired into the cave.

cartridges, forced them into the slot. Then just as the savages were making a final rush and Savile's club flew from his hands as a blow from a boomerang momentarily paralyzed his arm Elsie Gordon, darting to his side, put the loaded rifle into his hands. This turned the tide of that fierce onslaught. Savile did not even put the rifle to his shoulder, but, as the Americans say, literally "pumped the lead" into the mass of bodies in front of him. The blacks wailed, broke, seized their dead and wounded and made back to the cover of

The flag under which all women should march, the banner of good health. A woman owes it to herself, her husband and children, to keep under this flag. (She does not do so she will live a life of wretchedness herself, and unless her husband is an exceptionally good man, he will be a miserable failure. With Savile her home will be unhappy and her children will be puny and sickly.)

Ill-health in a woman may almost invariably be traced to weakness of the female organs that are the seat of the life of the woman. No woman can enjoy good, general health who is dragged down by continual pain and suffering. It is a description utterly unfit for her for wifehood and motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives health, strength, elasticity and vigor to the special organs concerned. It makes a woman strong and healthy in a womanly way. It gives the nerves a rest from pain and an opportunity to build up. It makes motherhood safe and comparatively easy. It transfers the sickly, despondent women into happy, healthy women and mothers.

Dr. J. C. Schell, Johnson Co., Kans. (P. O. Box 61), writes: "My wife was troubled with prostrated, or 'female weakness,' for several years. She was unable to do her work, she had such bearing down pains and pain in the back, and she grew worse all the time. All the way from two to six weeks. At those times she would fainting spells so bad that she could not get up. She was attended by the best doctors in the country. They did not know what to do. I bought your medicine. By the time I had used it she was able to do her work. I bought two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of the 'Pleasant Pellets' she was completely cured."

Every day, a dose. Once you start, you can never stop them. That is the way with these pills. They are not a medicine. It is different with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are a positive, complete and permanent cure. They do not become a habit. One 'Pellet' is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They are not 'drugs.' Nothing else is 'just as good.' It is a druggist's business to give you, not to tell you, what you want.

Gordon by this time was in a condition that made us fear an attack of fever, but his sister waited upon him and attended to his slightest wants. Luckily the blacks had left our swags untouched, so that we did not want for blankets to make couches for the sick man and the women. Norah Mackenzie had gone into one of the three passages and lain down. We dared not light a fire anywhere in the front part of the cave lest the light from it might throw us into relief, and thus make a mark for the spears of the savages. Moreover, it would only serve to blind us and prevent us seeing distinctly. However, in the left hand passage a small fire was lit. One of the black boys had sneaked in, and drawn in two or three dead logs, and thus by its light Elsie Gordon was enabled to attend to the wants of her brother.

Oh, the horror of that long night! Daly sat on one side of the cave, and I sat on the other, but we hardly spoke. We only peered into the gloom, with the senses of sight and sound rendered abnormally acute, and waited for the next attack. As yet I had not experienced any particular discomfort from the want of food. Jack and Savile declared that all they wanted was a drink of tea. They were altogether so cheerful, and made so many jokes about their want of appetite, that any unenlightened person might have supposed they had some connection with a picnic party. Only Daly was strangely silent. He seemed to be thinking, thinking, he was a species of skeleton at the feast, but none of us minded him much. I noticed that Elsie Gordon looked at him curiously once or twice, then turned away her head with an expression almost akin to terror in her eyes. Luckily we had plenty of tobacco, so that when we had lit our pipes we were not so badly off. It was necessary, however, to determine upon some line of procedure, it being suicidal policy to remain in a state of inaction, because the longer it continued the less able we would be to cope with the savages. If the squatter did not put in an appearance that day or the next, or some of the hands came up from the station, we must break through the blacks at any risk.

The sun was now high above the horizon line, and the day had fairly begun. The blacks were flitting about under the trees in what appeared to be greater numbers than on the previous day. We could see on the little ironstone ridge already referred to about a hundred of them watching. They kept coming and going, seeming much interested in our movements.

I sat for some little time beside Gordon, but as he had lost a good deal of blood and was weak and listless I thought it would be greater kindness to leave him to himself. I knew the proud, stubborn spirit of this man. It was only sheer physical debility that would have conquered him thus.

I had a long talk with Jack and Savile. We discussed the situation and tried to arrive at some definite plan of action. So far as we ourselves were concerned, we could have fought our way through the blacks, but there were the women and the sick man, and we could not leave them. Resting with her back against the side of the cave at Norah Mackenzie, as if watching the sick man. She had just sent Elsie Gordon away to lie down and had taken her place. Jack lay some little distance off. He must have been asleep when I came in. However, he sprang to his feet when I spoke to him, and he was not alone. But the most singular figure of all was that of Savile, who sat with his legs drawn up, his back against a large bowlder, his head buried in his hands and the Chinese puzzle on the ground in front of him. "I say, Parker," said the great fellow as he rose to his feet to follow Jack out, "just have a turn at that puzzle. I'm blessed if I can make it out!"

"You must be tired," remarked Miss Mackenzie pleasantly. "You'll find some freshly made tea in the bill. The

others here just had some. Daly and you require it, I'm sure. Luckily we saved the tea and sugar."

I thanked her, and Daly and I helped ourselves. It seemed to put new life into me. There is nothing like a drink of good tea and coffee to comfort one when troubled in mind or fatigued in body. Then beside that flickering fire I sat and brooded, the cankerworm of disappointment gnawing at my heart. I had tried to prevail on Norah Mackenzie to lie down, saying I would watch, but she would not hear of it and advised me to try to get some sleep. Sleep! And with such a fever in my brain!

After what had passed that day between us I felt about 30 years older. What she had told me had sunk deep into my soul and weighed upon my spirit with the oppression and persistence of some horrible nightmare. If I forgot it for a minute, the very next it would loom up and crush down upon me again with a fuller revelation of its hopelessness. How could I have been so blind as to suppose that a bright young creature like her could come to care for such an old, fever stricken, rolling stone as myself? I marvelled at my persistent blindness and cursed myself for my folly. I could not blame her. She had never by word or sign encouraged me to hope. What had become of all my fine plans for the future now? What did my altered circumstances matter? Money was only an element that seemed to mock at and make me feel my position all the more, for there was my comrade Jack, the man she had chosen in preference to me, without a sixpence he could call his own in the world. Poor Jack, or, rather, happy Jack! And then a strange comfort took place with me as I thought of his selfishness and jealousy fought for my soul.

Chill, gray eyed morn looked with wan eyes and pallid face into the cave and on the tired, blood stained human beings it contained.

Though I knew that we were all in imminent danger of being massacred or slowly starved to death, these dangers appeared as nothing compared with that of the demon of jealousy.

CHAPTER XVI.
DALY HANDS IN THE CHECKS.

The usual time for savages to make a sortie upon an enemy is just before dawn—in that still hour when, it would seem, tired nature is sunk in her deepest slumber. But no attack had been made upon us. The blacks must have decided upon another line of action. That it was to starve and weaken us by keeping us in the cave until we made a last feeble effort to break through them I had no doubt.

All that we had now in the cave to maintain life were some tea and sugar and half a loaf of yeast bread, which was kept for the sick man. The black boys had sneaked out and dug up a few yards at the foot of the terrace, with which they doubtless kept their hunger in check. As yet I had not experienced any particular discomfort from the want of food. Jack and Savile declared that all they wanted was a drink of tea. They were altogether so cheerful, and made so many jokes about their want of appetite, that any unenlightened person might have supposed they had some connection with a picnic party. Only Daly was strangely silent. He seemed to be thinking, thinking, he was a species of skeleton at the feast, but none of us minded him much. I noticed that Elsie Gordon looked at him curiously once or twice, then turned away her head with an expression almost akin to terror in her eyes. Luckily we had plenty of tobacco, so that when we had lit our pipes we were not so badly off. It was necessary, however, to determine upon some line of procedure, it being suicidal policy to remain in a state of inaction, because the longer it continued the less able we would be to cope with the savages. If the squatter did not put in an appearance that day or the next, or some of the hands came up from the station, we must break through the blacks at any risk.

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"You must be tired," remarked Miss Mackenzie pleasantly. "You'll find some freshly made tea in the bill. The

others here just had some. Daly and you require it, I'm sure. Luckily we saved the tea and sugar."

I thanked her, and Daly and I helped ourselves. It seemed to put new life into me. There is nothing like a drink of good tea and coffee to comfort one when troubled in mind or fatigued in body. Then beside that flickering fire I sat and brooded, the cankerworm of disappointment gnawing at my heart. I had tried to prevail on Norah Mackenzie to lie down, saying I would watch, but she would not hear of it and advised me to try to get some sleep. Sleep! And with such a fever in my brain!

After what had passed that day between us I felt about 30 years older. What she had told me had sunk deep into my soul and weighed upon my spirit with the oppression and persistence of some horrible nightmare. If I forgot it for a minute, the very next it would loom up and crush down upon me again with a fuller revelation of its hopelessness. How could I have been so blind as to suppose that a bright young creature like her could come to care for such an old, fever stricken, rolling stone as myself? I marvelled at my persistent blindness and cursed myself for my folly. I could not blame her. She had never by word or sign encouraged me to hope. What had become of all my fine plans for the future now? What did my altered circumstances matter? Money was only an element that seemed to mock at and make me feel my position all the more, for there was my comrade Jack, the man she had chosen in preference to me, without a sixpence he could call his own in the world. Poor Jack, or, rather, happy Jack! And then a strange comfort took place with me as I thought of his selfishness and jealousy fought for my soul.

Chill, gray eyed morn looked with wan eyes and pallid face into the cave and on the tired, blood stained human beings it contained.

Though I knew that we were all in imminent danger of being massacred or slowly starved to death, these dangers appeared as nothing compared with that of the demon of jealousy.

CHAPTER XVI.
DALY HANDS IN THE CHECKS.

The usual time for savages to make a sortie upon an enemy is just before dawn—in that still hour when, it would seem, tired nature is sunk in her deepest slumber. But no attack had been made upon us. The blacks must have decided upon another line of action. That it was to starve and weaken us by keeping us in the cave until we made a last feeble effort to break through them I had no doubt.

All that we had now in the cave to maintain life were some tea and sugar and half a loaf of yeast bread, which was kept for the sick man. The black boys had sneaked out and dug up a few yards at the foot of the terrace, with which they doubtless kept their hunger in check. As yet I had not experienced any particular discomfort from the want of food. Jack and Savile declared that all they wanted was a drink of tea. They were altogether so cheerful, and made so many jokes about their want of appetite, that any unenlightened person might have supposed they had some connection with a picnic party. Only Daly was strangely silent. He seemed to be thinking, thinking, he was a species of skeleton at the feast, but none of us minded him much. I noticed that Elsie Gordon looked at him curiously once or twice, then turned away her head with an expression almost akin to terror in her eyes. Luckily we had plenty of tobacco, so that when we had lit our pipes we were not so badly off. It was necessary, however, to determine upon some line of procedure, it being suicidal policy to remain in a state of inaction, because the longer it continued the less able we would be to cope with the savages. If the squatter did not put in an appearance that day or the next, or some of the hands came up from the station, we must break through the blacks at any risk.

The sun was now high above the horizon line, and the day had fairly begun. The blacks were flitting about under the trees in what appeared to be greater numbers than on the previous day. We could see on the little ironstone ridge already referred to about a hundred of them watching. They kept coming and going, seeming much interested in our movements.

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This Will Do!

I will pay \$100 reward for any case of colic, horse ail, curbs, splints, knotted cords, or similar trouble, that I did not murder Sexton. I know that some of you have fancied all along that I did, and these notes, which you'll find by your numbers are them that were taken from his body, would lead you to believe that I did, but it's not so. I've nothing to gain by dying with a lie in my throat. I'm speaking the truth now—I'd say "help me God" if I dared. The chap as did it was the man who, in his turn, was murdered by the blacks and whom you found on Scrubby creek in last July.

Jack and I stared blankly at one another, and I could see that even Norah Mackenzie looked mystified. How much was true, and how much was false? Was he going to die with another sin on his soul—that of "false witness"? Then he continued:

"I cleared out from the Cloncurry two days after Sexton did, but I guessed how you were looking at Jack, 'weren't you?' I went on, 'I'd no coin, and so the devil hatched a scheme in my head. I hung round that quarter for a day or two and then followed up Sexton. I 'posé it was my game to hail him up; but, as for murder, I meant to draw the line there. I dare say, however, I might have done it if I'd been driven to it. When I came upon him on the night of the 'leventh, I found he'd picked up a mate. 'I 'posé Sexton must have been flashing 'bout his money, for the other chap killed him for it. Then I rode up, and the nphat of it was that we went halves on the dead man's stuff and after a bit cleared out, each on his own hook."

"The chap as did it had tried to get the drop on me, but I'd had the advantage and held him up. The beggar knew me. It's a mighty queer thing one of us didn't pot 't'other. After setting up this man, whose real name I don't know, sold me a sorrel horse, and I paid him with some of that same blood money; you remember some notes were found on his body." Here Gordon insisted on Daly retelling for a minute. He did so and then went on again: "One thing I can't see through at all is how you came to find out I'd bought a horse from him and paid him with Queensland bank notes, for I own up it was your knowing this that at the Macarthur racket made me take back what I'd said. Was it a facer. How did you wind it up?"

It was strange to see him exhibit such curiosity on the very threshold of death; he looked hard at me, and I looked at Norah Mackenzie. It was a remarkable sequence of events. I saw the face of the girl pale slightly as she turned to Jack and spoke, as it were, to him. Though it was very evident she was indirectly moved by the tragic and solemn nature of the scene, what she said was spoken simply and clearly enough. It was to the following effect:

When she had witnessed the sequel of the tragedy on Scrubby creek, she knew there was something wrong, but still felt there was nothing criminal in Jack's conduct. When we were sitting in the grave, she had found a small book lying on the ground, buried in the long grass, and, picking it up, took it with her, unthinkingly, to her father's camp. She had opened it there and found written on the fly leaf, "Sold this day to T. Daly one sorrel mare, branded K 7 on near side, for \$20 in Queensland bank notes, having been presented for certain reasons it was unnecessary to enter upon. On reaching the Robinson river she saw a mare answering the description referred to and learned that Daly was the owner. She believed that he—Daly—knew something about the murder of Sexton, so that when Jack was before the magistrates at the Macarthur she was indirectly moved by the tragic and solemn nature of the scene, what she said was spoken simply and clearly enough. It was to the following effect:

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"It's years and years since I tried to, Gordon, but if you will—"

The Scotsman motioned to us again, and then knelt down on the ground beside him. And in the silence that followed, he began to utter a monotonous prayer, the one that has stood the test of time and shall live when all else perishes. The sick man repeated it in ever weakening words, and so did we all. Then a shudder ran through his frame and with something upon his lips that sounded like the cry of the publican in the temple he was gone.

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Horse.



Has the good mare been bred this season? The live farmer cannot afford to lose the opportunity.

Hard pavements ruin good feet and the life of the horse in the city is materially shortened. Probably the country grower will not take exceptions to this condition.

E. H. Greeley has sold his very fast trotting mare, Matin Bell, 27½, to Senator Hale. The deal was made on Wednesday and the mare shipped to Ellsworth on Thursday.

It is the nervous, high strung horse which yields the greatest service but such horses must be handled with care proportionate to their nervousness or there will be trouble. You cannot fool a good horse.

R. G. Dunn, Canton, has one of the good farms just out of the village and always keeps a number of good horses, having five at the present time. Mr. Dunn has raised and developed some of the best ones in Oxford county and is now certain that he is prepared to beat the record.

A report comes that the Boston horse show association is to be dissolved in spite of the fact that the late exhibition netted over \$10,000. Does this mean a closer corporation run upon a narrower basis and in the interest of the fad hunters? If so, the future of the show so far as promoting the horse industry is lost.

One of the most attractive features of the parade at Gardiner last week was the pair rears, Nancy Wilkes and Silver Pilot, driven tandem by Mrs. A. J. Libby. No breeding establishment in the State fits horses in better shape than Pine Grove Farm and there is no better reinsman than Mr. Libby unless it be his charming wife.

One of the fastest horses that is owned in this section of the State is the pacer, Old Point, by Nelson, 2:00, and a full brother to the trotting wonder, Jale Drew. He is in the hands of the veteran trainer, Guy C. Edwards of Fairfield, and all of the horsemen come in with a very pleasing mark at the close of the season.

STODDARD, N. H., April 25, 1893.
Mr. J. N. Danforth, agent for Tuttle's Ellixir.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find \$4.50 for one dozen bottles Tuttle's Ellixir. My horse is cured; the Ellixir cured her in a short time. I used about six bottles in all, including that we used when you were here. I worked the horse about half of the time while I was using the Ellixir. I consider her completely cured, as she headed up all smooth without any bump, and hauled out good. She has done some hard day's work last winter, and this spring have not worked her all the time. She is looking well. Please send me one dozen of the Ellixir on sale prepaid, or I will pay the express and charge it to you on account of goods that you send me on sale. Please receipt enclosed bill and send to me.

Yours truly, F. J. REED.

The National Board of Review sustains the judges in the races at Fairfield last year. It will be remembered that just as the word was given one of the horses caught her foot in her hoppers and fell and when the horses came round they could not get through the crowd or by the horse lying on the ground. All stopped and the drivers got off their sulkies save Mr. C. H. Nelson. After a moment's wait he removed his blanket and worked his way through the crowd, driving the mile, and then claimed the money as no recall was sounded after the word was given. The Board of Review promptly decided that good sense and race law demand recognition of an unforeseen accident, even though a technical ruling be broken.

"The average man who has a mare to breed is horseman enough to know," says The Horse World, "a sound from an unsound horse and exercise his judgment accordingly. The man who cannot tell a practically sound horse when he sees him would never make a success as a breeder, any way, and there is little use for training laws for his benefit. Horsemen are not anxious to use unsound horses in the stud, although there is a tendency on the part of some agricultural papers to create the impression that they are. Every practical man knows that without soundness a horse is sadly handicapped in the sale market, and in accordance with this knowledge, breeders generally are very discriminating in their selection of horses for breeding purposes."

"The love of the horse is an inborn emotion that will never die, so long as men and women are human," says the American Sportsman. And the love of nature, of birds, woods, glens and waterfalls, and the love of life among pastoral scenes, is as intense now as when the world was new, and far more intense, because we have learned by mind development and culture to appreciate nature more and the uncouth and uncultured barbarian. The high-bred horse is not wanted simply because Sam Jones wants to haul a barrel of apples or a can of milk from Slabtown to Podunk, but because he typifies the best kind of life—life on the road, amid scenes and environment that make the heart beat faster, the blood run redder, and the emotional nature throb and pulsate with more pleasurable emotions. Hence, as

civilization advances, and men and women are better able to enjoy the best bounties of life, man's best and most wholesome animal friend will be in higher demand, and command more consideration.

"Every one knows how potent was the effect, a year or so ago, when every one was crying that horses were worthless," says the Western Horseman. Opinions often make actual facts, and this was true of horse values. Real conditions, of course, also tended in that direction. Conditions have undergone great changes during the last twelve months, and to help matters along towards better values in horse flesh the stereotyped greeting on the horse situation has changed in every one's month, and now wherever one hears the subject mentioned, whether it be among farmers, horse dealers or trades people, the remark is, "Horses are horses again."

And, sure enough, "horses are horses," as every one finds out when he undertakes to buy one. Twelve months ago every farmer had horses to sell, and seldom refused an offer of any kind. But now many farmers are buying horses for their own use, and many of them are in the market for breeding animals. The truth of the matter is, the civilized world is short of horses, and, owing to density of population, many European countries, including England, France, Germany, Belgium, Scotland, all now buyers in the United States, are not likely to ever again produce sufficient horses for home use, and, at any rate, they can buy of the United States more cheaply than they can produce at home. Government reports from all of these foreign countries show that for some years past the cost of raising a colt till two years old has been \$150 to \$200 per head, and this cost is continually increasing.

These conditions presage much benefit to American horse breeders, and, fortunately, the foreign demand is not confined to any particular class or breed further than that horses must be true to their respective classes, possessing distinctive merit in their class. All Europeans demand a horse of quality, substance and good behavior, whether they want him for hack use, draft use, carriage use, light driving or racing purposes. As a rule, American horse breeders and farmers forfeit more on account of imperfect education and conditioning for market than they get for their surplus in the condition in which usually marketed. American farmers and horse breeders must learn to breed to a purpose, and fit the surplus for the market. With this plan adopted, and followed, a long period of great prosperity awaits horse breeding in the United States.

BREEDING HORSES.
"It will be admitted readily by a very large per cent of men engaged in all lines of business that times have greatly changed and that methods of doing business have changed decidedly," says Spirit of the West.

New conditions must be met. No intelligent or well posted man will doubt the above, yet we have altogether too many farmers and breeders who have made very few changes in the method of producing horses as regards breeding a higher class and also in care of the colts and maturing them for market. Somehow or other the same ambition to produce a first-class horse is not as strong as to produce first-class corn, wheat or oats. The impression prevails that the colt will, some time or other, without much care or attention, grow into a horse and sell at the average market price. There was a time when this was true, but that time has gone by. From the time the breeder contemplates breeding a colt he must begin to carefully study all the conditions. In the first place he must breed to a first-class, well-bred, stylish, good-gaited stallion, and when the produce arrives he must count on giving it the best possible opportunity to develop as quickly as possible and be ready for market. The growing and developing process is just as important as the breeding and unless both are judiciously looked after and wisely performed the result will not prove satisfactory. As time advances, other conditions will follow that will have to be met, just the same as now. Conditions at the present time differ from those of 20 years ago. There is only one way to succeed, and that is to keep up with the times.

THE WALKING GAIT.
There is no pace so valuable, or so much appreciated and so practically useful in horse as a fast, fair, square walk, and there is nothing that will cause an animal to be driven harder and kept so continually on the other paces as a deficiency in this respect. Months of time, and hours of patient and intelligent effort are expended to make the horse a fast trotter, a high actor, a perfectly gaited saddle horse, but, so far as the walk goes, he is generally put upon the market as nature made him, and crawls along at the pace his ambition dictates, commended by his owner as a wonder if he happens to walk fast, and sworn at and overdriven by every one if he happens to be lazy and slow. The fast walker is often made so by being put beside a mate in breaking which happened to be a quick, free mover, and no farmer or breeder can be too careful in seeing to it that no colt of his is ever either driven or led beside a sluggish, inactive partner.

However lacking a horse may be in this essential pace, he can be greatly improved by a little time and patience, and every effort should be made to perfect him in the gait. The walking classes at our shows are generally sneered at, and but few of them are given, and yet there is no performance that ought to receive as much encouragement. In harness classes, one rarely sees the contestants required to walk around the ring, and if this was done it would be found that many of those that were deplorably slow, while of those that really progressed at a fair pace a great proportion would go at the amble, the slow pace, or the running walk. Nothing is more imposing than the jaunty swing of a real bold, striding walker, and when a saddle horse class files into the ring the animal that comes

striding along flat-footed, hind feet up under his girth at every step, head nodding and neck swinging in real walking fashion, is a desperately hard horse to forget, and has his case half won at that moment. The trotting horsemen are the greatest sinners in this respect, and the many trotting bred animals that find their way into heavy harnesses are handicapped by their lack of early education at this gait. It is but seldom, in the roadster or trotting classes in a show that one ever sees a lot of horses asked to walk, while in the "in hand" exhibitions a stallion or mare is generally started off full tilt alongside of the pony, and its walk, or shuffle, is passed over as of no consequence. Foreign buyers are particularly insistent in this respect, and as the profitable future of the American trotter depends largely upon his perfect adaptability to the requirements of the native and foreign markets for use in heavy and fashionable harness, it would seem the bounden duty of breeders and handlers to pay special attention to their pupils' education at this pace, and the part of all horse show managers to encourage, by the offering of frequent and ample prizes the attainment of proficiency at this, the most useful, the most enjoyable, the most practical, and the most neglected gait the horse employs for purposes of locomotion.—Horseman.

Poultry.
Keep on hatching until you have twice as many as you want to raise. It will be easy to cull later and culls are always good eating.

Success this year with the poultry demands regularity in feeding, the use of right kinds of food, cleanliness in the pens and abundance of fresh water.

Daniel Stewart, Richmond, the well known grower of Barred Plymouth Rocks, has now 700 chickens growing and reports good success in hatching this season.

There are no Sundays for the successful poultryman. Chickens must be fed at regular intervals and the watchful eye of the owner be abroad in the land all the while.

Col. E. C. Stevens and son, Chelsea, have started a hen farm at their home, equipped with incubators and good houses, and naturally, they expect to be able to tell how poultry raising pays.

Why there should be a scarcity of eggs in the great West no one can say, but the fact remains that a shortage exists, and prices are fully maintained. All this is good news for the Eastern producer.

Have you ordered that dozen of eggs for hatching from some one of the many advertisers in the Maine Farmer? If not, do not delay, for the season is passing. No better stock can be obtained than is represented in these columns.

Two hundred hens on the farm will clothe and shoe the family. Three hundred laying ones should earn \$500 yearly. Hundreds of dollars' worth of grain and feed have gone to waste in the stubble and about the stacks the past year for want of chicks to pick it up. These are small things, but worthy of thought.

Judging from the sales of cull eggs recently reported, and after examining a good many lots of various qualities, I should say that many shippers could make a good deal more money out of their seconds by more careful selection and packing. These goods are sold as count or by the case and it is an undoubted fact that whenever sales are made on this basis careful grading and attention to the fine points of quality are profitable. There is now a difference of fully 3c per doz. between the poorest and the best cull eggs and this difference is likely to become wider as the weather grows warmer.

WORK FOR EGGS.
Don't expect to get remarkable egg yields without working for them. The professional poultryman who gets three times as many eggs a year as does your farmer neighbor, is reaping the benefit of knowing how. That is, he breeds for eggs, "beginning with the grandmothers"—and he not only breeds for eggs, but he hatches for eggs, and he feeds for eggs.

POULTRY RAISING AS A BUSINESS.
This is an age of specialists. If you wish to become successful you must take some narrow field and dig for all there is in it. It is not the amount of ground you go over that counts, so much as the way you get over it. Life is too short for one man to be a "jack of all trades" and master of the same.

To the young man who is now thinking strongly of choosing his field to work in, we will say that the poultry field is plenty large enough for you. Not until the science and art of incubation, brooding and egg producing have reached perfection, need any one discard this field as unintellectual, or as a field where the mind cannot broaden. The demand is so much greater than the supply that no one need hesitate for a moment for fear of an overproduction of eggs and fowl. Since the introduction of the incubator and its companion, the brooder, the chances have become unlimited, and progress made more certain.

What is needed is for some of our farmer boys and girls to become specialists in this line. What an independent and most enjoyable way of gaining a livelihood. You do not have to go begging for good prices. All that is necessary is to learn how to produce first class stock in every way, and let the people know what you have, and then you have your trade. You can't do this in six months or a year, but it requires time, as it does for any other line of business, to learn all its little details and to become an intelligent worker in the field. You must go slow, and when you gain a foot of ground, be sure you know it, and then hold on to it until you have gained another. Study your fowl, and

find out their peculiarities. Then study the experiences of others in good poultry papers, and apply it to your experience. It is by this method that quite a number of men and women over the country have established for themselves a business that not only is profitable to them, but also is honorable and for the public good.—Indiana Farmer.

JUDGMENT IN MARKETING POULTRY.
"Farmers and poultrymen lose a large share of their profits by lack of judgment in marketing," says a writer in an exchange. "One of the causes of discontent is what the commission merchant reports as 'shrinkage,' which is that if one ships 100 pounds of live poultry to market the weight will shrink to 95 (or less) by the time the coop reaches its destination. If the coop contains chicks, a loss of four or five per cent, as shrinkage, when prices are high, amounts to \$2 or \$3, and it has caused many bones of contention to exist between the consignee and the consignee. It is best to ship all fowl and chicks dressed, if it can be done, as the picking shrinkage costs more than the average shrinkage of live birds, which fall off in weight, owing to lack of food and water, though it may be partially avoided by shipping the fowl so as to have them arrive in the best condition. Over-crowding in the shipping coops causes more loss than anything else, and even when the shipper is very careful he is compelled to rely upon the honesty of the merchant."

Never ship so as to have the birds arrive in market on Saturdays, in order to prevent them from being on hand during Sundays. As the birds sent to market should be dry plucked, if killed, and not scalded, it entails quite an item of labor and expense to prepare the carcasses so as to have them free of pin feathers and make an attractive display. Unless practice enables the operator to perform the work quickly, the disgust of such jobs will remain. But it pays to dress the fowl, for when the prices of live fowl are 30 cents per pound, the dressed fowl usually bring about 25 cents per pound more. This is a small difference, but when a fowl weighs three or four pounds, it adds 15 or 20 cents to the price. Expert pickers will dress a fowl for five cents, but, admitting that it may cost ten cents per fowl, it leaves a profit. Looking at it in another light, we may add that where there are a number of persons in the family the item of picking becomes a large one, if there are a great many fowl, and it should be saved.

SOME HELPS IN RAISING TURKEYS.
There is nothing in farm work which falls within the "woman's sphere" that will be found as lucrative as turkey raising; but it is almost too much of a task where the household machinery is run by a one-man power. Constant vigilance for the first two weeks is the secret of success in this business. This period of a poult's life is fraught with many difficulties, which require great watchfulness to surmount, but when it has nearly feathered over and begins to "shoot the red" there is then no danger except from marauding beasts. It is best then to allow them to roam at will during the day. Nature supplies the food, their appetites crave and upon which they thrive best.

Where rabbit proof fences are used to protect young orchards the turkey raiser has a grand opportunity, unless there are berries grown inside this enclosure, for turkeys are very fond of berries. Their coops could be placed in this enclosure. They should be let out during wet weather only for a short time to exercise, a time chosen between showers is best for this purpose. After they are a fortnight old dew will not injure them if let out, provided it is bright, warm, sunshiny weather.

These coops should not stand more than two days on the same ground. Often poult's die from lack of attention in this respect.

Start early to bring them in. When the mother sits down for the night the poult's are too tired to drive very far. This is why we often say they seem to thrive better if just let run wild.

A good way to bring the weak little things in is to catch them and carry them in a basket. Where the hen is gentle enough not to fly into one's face, I have found it a good plan to kneel down and spread my apron on the ground without unfasting it. Then throw some feed on it, the poult's will come on the apron for the feed, when it is easy to lift the apron and imprison them. With quiet chicken hens I frequently catch mother and brood both in my apron, but with a turkey it is not safe, as she is much stronger than a chicken hen and the young turkey is more tender than the little chicks.

It is an easy matter to train the turkey hen to follow after one has caught the brood. It may be necessary to take a little fellow by the feet and hold him, so his mother can see him and hear his shrill chirp before she will rightly guess where her poult's have gone, but one must be prepared to take the consequences.

Get the turkey hen close to the coop before putting the little ones in. The coop should be at least four feet wide, ten feet long and three feet high, with a sliding gate at one end the whole width of the coop, so the whole end can be left open. Have a narrow slit in the roof of the coop about two feet from the closed end, through which a wire netting partition can be dropped and raised at will. Put the young poult's behind this partition and leave the sliding gate open. Their chirping will soon bring the mother inside the coop, when it is easy to push the gate in place and remove the wire netting. They should then be fed liberally of the whole wheat, or dour or soaked bread crumbs. The bread must not be soaked enough to make it waxy. Be careful not to overfeed or diarrhoea will be the result, with serious loss both in numbers and condition of flock. For several years we kept a peacock which would go with the turkeys, his shrill cry kept all hawks and crows at bay. A wheat field or thicket is a good place for them to hide their poult's from daylight enemies.—Fanny Lee in National Stockman.

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RESCUE, The Fashionably Bred 5-Year-Old. Sire Wilkes 8581; dam Edna 2:24½, by Dictator Chief; 2nd dam Gretchen, dam of Nelson 2:09. RESCUE is standard bred. He stands 16-1 and weighs 1125 pounds. He is a beautiful mahogany bay and has the best of action, and is of fine conformation. He is very prompt and will be worked for the first time. TERMS \$10 by the season.

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